

**Exhibit “A”**

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

*Copyright Office  
of the United States*

WASHINGTON, D.C.

**THIS IS TO CERTIFY** that the attached additional certificate is a claim of copyright for a work entitled **COOKIE & CO.** registered under number **PAu 3-517-273**. This work was registered in accordance with provisions of the United States Copyright Law (Title 17 United States Code).

**THIS IS TO CERTIFY ALSO**, that the attached color photocopies are a true representation of the work entitled **COOKIE & CO.** deposited in the Copyright Office on September 19, 2010 with claim of copyright registered under number **PAu 3-517-273**. The attached photocopies are the best possible electrostatic positive prints available.

**THIS IS TO CERTIFY FURTHER**, that deposits submitted electronically bear no identifying marks.

**IN WITNESS WHEREOF** the seal of the Copyright Office is hereto been affixed on April 1, 2011.

Maria A. Pallante  
Acting Register of Copyrights and  
Associate Librarian for Copyright Services



By: Rosemary J. Kelly  
Head  
Records Research and Certification Section  
Information and Records Division

Use of this material is governed by the U.S. copyright law 17 U.S.C. 101 et seq.

EXHIBIT A



This Certificate issued under the seal of the Copyright  
Office in accordance with title 17, *United States Code*,  
attests that registration has been made for the work  
identified below. The information on this certificate has  
been made a part of the Copyright Office records.

*Maria A. Pallante*

Acting Register of Copyrights, United States of America

Registration Number  
**PAu 3-517-273**

Effective date of  
registration:  
September 19, 2010

**Title**

Title of Work: Cookie & Co.

**Completion/Publication**

Year of Completion: 1993

**Author**

Author: Jake Mandeville-Anthony

Pseudonym: Jake Anthony

Author Created: script/screenplay

Citizen of: United Kingdom

Domiciled in: United Kingdom

Pseudonymous: Yes

**Copyright claimant**

Copyright Claimant: Jake Mandeville-Anthony

87 King Street, Portsmouth, United Kingdom

**Rights and Permissions**

Name: Jake Mandeville-Anthony

Email: jmanant@hotmail.com

Telephone: +44-239-2791 551

**Certification**

Name: Jake Mandeville Anthony

Date: September 19, 2010

Correspondence: Yes

EXHIBIT A

Page 1 of 1



EXHIBIT A

Jake Anthony  
Apartment 2  
28 East Street  
Havant. Hants. PO9 1AQ.  
Tel: 01705 492588.  
Fax: 01705 455416.

## **'COOKIE & CO'**

***Part One: 'FROM POMPEY TO POMPEII'***

***Part Two: 'OUR ARABIAN ADVENTURES'***

***Part Three: 'PASSAGE TO INDIA & OZ'***

*A Third Draft screenplay by Jake Anthony*

*Based on a true life event as experienced by Mike Perkins.*

*(C) Jake Anthony. Screenplay 1992. 1995.*

### **PRODUCTION INFORMATION:**

THE ADVENTURES OF COOKIE is a dramatisation loosely based on a true story: an intrepid journey from London to Sidney by two eccentric Englishmen in a bright yellow, open topped, vintage car.

As the production only requires two lead actors (who could be unknowns or two well established names), but envisaged with a liberal sprinkling of star names in cameo roles, turning up in larger than life situations when least expected (on one to three days shoots), added to geographic locations of considerable mystery, many rarely seen by location cameras - in addition to the unique character of the strange, bright yellow car with an almost tangible personality - 'Cookie', considerable International box office 'star' appeal could be created on a very moderate budget.

=====

EXHIBIT A

## SYNOPSIS

Despite being the slowest, smallest and oldest car in the London to Sydney Vintage Car Endurance Rally, just like the Tortoise and the Hare, little Cookie, aided by two eccentric English guys who sometimes behave like Neil Simon's Odd Couple, but with a more contemporary, 'Young Ones'/'Bottom', harder edge, eventually triumph and not only survive the 18,000 mile journey but actually secure the winners trophy, the only car to even complete the journey at all according to the Sponsors rules.

Overcoming 'Four Beheadings and A Funeral' (in Saudi Arabia), sandstorms, cyclones, tropical rains, leaping crocodiles, attacks by sticker flies, numerous tyre bursts in awkward locations (like the Arabian Desert), a lost wheel (in the Australian Outback), Alpine snows, the mysteries of Egypt, Bedouins, Sheiks, Maharajah's, International Celebrities, jungle treks, lost cities, elephants antics, Bombay Belly, bureaucratic bungalows and the Australian sense of humour - The Adventures of Cookie combine a mix of adventure, drama and comedy set against some of the most exotic and unknown locations ever traversed since Marco Polo. Yet it is broadly a true story undertaken by two eccentric English guys alone and on a budget of just \$22,000.

Combining elements of 'Around the world in 80 days', 'Lawrence of Arabia' plus modern day situations Phileas Fogg & El Lawrence could never have imagined, this based on truth story is stranger than fiction and offers entertainment interest for all ages and nationalities.

'The Adventures of Cookie' offers broad appeal entertainment but without ever being wimpish, which, like 'Crocodile Dundee', 'A Fish Called Wanda', 'Four Weddings And A Funeral', 'Priscilla Queen of The Desert', or 'Muriel's Wedding', might well tap into an International audience's funny bone. It could also potentially obtain a longer shelf life from a cult audience of movie buffs, interested in spotting the cameo faces and scriptural references.

By utilising existing high quality stock location footage, exterior filming costs could be kept to a minimum without spoiling the International, big budget look of the production, leaving only the main scenes to be shot in the real life locations. Albeit, virtual reality computer backgrounds and technology can now also be utilised.

The production is envisaged either as a TV mini series in three X one and a half hour episodes - or edited down to a one or two parts theatrical release - or both.

This story is not another 'Great Race'. Car chaos is confined to one scene in each of three sections of the journey only, all but one of which happened in real life.

EXHIBIT A

It is a story of the sometimes humorous, occasionally quixotic, whimsical, love/hate relationship between two eccentric Englishmen as they travel half way round the world the hard way. Also the relationship between the two eccentric Englishmen and a very unusual car.

*'COOKIE & CO'*

*Possible Casting:*

Rick Mayall (Brian)  
Harry Enfield (Mike)

*Envisaged Guest Star Cameo's:*

Henry Cooper the famous British Heavyweight boxer (as himself)  
Dame Edna Everage (as herself) - Barry Humphries  
Sir Les Patterson (Australia's Minister for Cultural Affairs) - Barry Humphries  
Paul Hogan (Adelaide River Boat Captain)  
Omar Sharif (Scruffy Arab Mechanic in Arabian desert)  
Anthony Quinn (1st scruffy Arab in desert)  
Peter O'Toole (2nd scruffy Arab in desert)  
Michael Caine (As himself)  
Ben Kingsley (Maharajah Ferangial Bogial)  
Bryan Brown (Surprised Aussie Ocker in the Australian Outback)  
Gene Wilder (Don the Eccentric American Millionaire)  
Adie Edmundson (The Solicitor)  
John Cleese (Terrified cameraman in balloon).  
Rowan Atkinson (The Old School Tie British Ambassador in Alexandria)  
Dawn French (St. Trinians type schoolmarm for 'gels')  
Jennifer Saunders (As above)  
Anthony Hopkins (End Voice Over)

Plus many other comedy actors from numerous countries could be included in cameo roles.

*Stock Shots of:*

Steve Reeves in an "Italian Biblical Epic" of the 1950's.  
Charlton Heston as Moses in "The Ten Commandments".  
Yul Brynner as Ramasses in "The Ten Commandments".  
Peter O'Toole as "Lawrence of Arabia".  
Omar Sharif as Head of the Sharif in "Lawrence of Arabia".  
Michael Caine in "The Italian Job".

## COOKIE & CO

### POTENTIAL PRODUCT PLACEMENT OPPORTUNITIES.

The following are some of the numerous product endorsement Companies who contributed to costs or featured in the adventure which Mike Perkins and Brian Mollineaux accomplished:

HOLDEN MOTORS (Australia)  
GENERAL MOTORS (UK)  
CASTROL OIL (UK)  
INDOIL (India)  
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS  
SHELL OIL  
A TYRE COMPANY  
PEPSI COLA (or Coca Cola)  
ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS  
H.P. SAUCE  
AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION  
ROYAL AUTOMOBILE COMPANY  
FOSTERS LAGER  
CASTLEMAINE XXXX (Australia)  
HOLIDAY INN GROUP  
RAMADA HOTEL GROUP  
INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTEL GROUP  
GULF HOTEL (Arab Emirates)  
OBEROI HOTEL GROUP (India)  
FERRANGI HOTEL (Penang)  
CASUPRINI HOTEL (Penang)  
SHERATON HOTEL GROUP  
QUANTAS AIRWAYS  
SINGAPORE AIRLINES  
MALAYSIA AIRLINES  
AIR INDIA  
TRANSWORLD SHIPPING



---

P & O SHIPPING  
PERKINS SHIPPING COMPANY  
FERRARI  
BUGATTI  
FIAT  
AMERICAN EXPRESS/VISA/DINERS CLUB  
VODAPHONE (Australia)

FURTHER PRODUCT PLACEMENT OPPORTUNITIES.

MINISTRY'S OF TOURISM FOR THE FOLLOWING COUNTRIES:

FRANCE, ITALY, GREECE, EGYPT, JORDAN, SAUDI ARABIA, KUWAIT,  
BAHRAIN, QATAR, ARAB EMIRATES, INDIA, MALAYSIA, SINGAPORE,  
AUSTRALIA, GREAT BRITAIN.

Other product endorsement opportunities exist relating to food, drink, automobile, clothing products, shipping and travel firms.

---

'COOKIE & CO' also has potential to be made into a full length cartoon. The adventures of the bright little yellow car and its eccentric English occupants, could be an ideal live feature or cartoon production for 'DreamWorks' - Steven Spielbergs' new studio and production company. Possibly also for The Walt Disney Studios. Script adaptation would of course be required for a cartoon version

Additionally, because of the many other races, rally's, missions and travel orientated exploits which are possible, sequels regarding further adventures of Cookie are endlessly possible, enabling box office potential to be maximised where a hit movie, TV series, video and/or computer game was obtained.

---

NB. The spacing on this screenplay has been condensed. In addition, because of the many scenic shots, running time for all three parts would be greater than the total number of pages would suggest. It 'would' produce 3 X one and a half hour parts for a TV mini

series.

Further, because of its four and a half hours length, an edited down version for theatrical release would create a tight, action packed product with wide, general audience appeal.

## THE ADVENTURES OF COOKIE

### *Part One: 'FROM POMPEY TO POMPEII'*

(C) Jake Anthony. 1992. 1995.

1. EXT. DAY. MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, ENGLAND. ELEVEN VINTAGE CARS are lined up adjacent to the ARCH, waiting. MIKE and BRIAN stand close to COOKIE THE CAR. Our two intrepid heroes look pensive in the cold damp morning air of THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY.

2. EXT. DAY. MARBLE ARCH. Various shots of THE CROWD gathered around THE CARS and TV CREWS from all around the world. ONE AMERICAN, ONE JAPANESE, ONE FRENCH, ONE GERMAN, ONE SWEDISH, ONE THAI, ONE ARAB, THREE BRITISH ENTRANTS plus COOKIE stand ready to commence the LONDON TO SYDNEY VINTAGE CAR ENDURANCE RALLY.

3. EXT. DAY. MARBLE ARCH. MS and CU's of MIKE and BRIAN. Mike's face is blank and his thoughts are heard over:

MIKE - VOICE OVER

God its nippy. My feet are frozen....

I could just fancy the tropical warmth of Egypt, India, Australia....

(He dreams on)

Maybe Australia will be a bit hot, though.

Still, it's got to be better than the chill wind that's biting at my unmentionables at the moment.

I could always wear a pith helmet.

(In a mock Australian accent)

Doctor Bruce Livingstone, I presume? God, I hope Cookie will start. She wouldn't let us down

like that, would she?

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

4. EXT. DAY. FLASHBACK to a few days earlier. MIKE, COOKIE and HENRY COOPER escort THE CARNIVAL QUEEN OF HAYLING ISLAND in HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND, to the Crowning Ceremony, adjacent to THE SEAFRONT at HAYLING ISLAND. COOKIE with MIKE, THE CARNIVAL QUEEN and HENRY COOPER, drive close to the FAIRGROUND. COOKIE kindly splutters to a halt.

HENRY COOPER

What's the matter, my son?

MIKE

Don't worry, Henry, I know exactly what's wrong. Cookies' lochinvar spring has worked loose again.

HENRY COOPER

Sounds painful to me, mate. Can you hurry it up or we'll be besieged by autograph hunters in a minute, and me left hands never been the same since I floored Mohammed Ali with it a few years ago.

5. EXT. DAY. HAYLING ISLAND FAIRGROUND. AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS besiege COOKIE THE CAR. HENRY COOPER starts signing cigarette packets, scraps of paper by the hundred as MIKE peers under Cookie's bonnet. Eventually Mike fixes the problem and returns to the driving seat.

HENRY COOPER

Go to it my son, let's get the hell out of here, there's a few hundred more fans over there.

6. EXT. DAY. HAYLING CARNIVAL PRESENTATION STAND. COOKIE THE CAR stops with a splutter. HENRY COOPER, THE CARNIVAL QUEEN AND MIKE get out. HENRY looks at COOKIE with a puzzled expression on his face.

HENRY COOPER

Are you sure she's all right, my son ?

MIKE

I think so, Henry.

HENRY COOPER

Look old son, I don't wish to be pessimistic but are you sure she'll even get to London from here?

Mike looks hurt.

HENRY COOPER

I mean, London to Sydney.... I wasn't much good at school but you do know that Sydney is in Australia, don't you Mike?

SLOW DISSOLVE BACK TO:

7. EXT. DAY. MARBLE ARCH on 1st January 1988. MIKE and BRIAN stand shivering near COOKIE.

MIKE

Well, anytime now Brian.

BRIAN

I'm feeling a but sick, Mike... Well, not exactly sick. I think I just need to go to the toilet.

MIKE

Brian, the starter will be here soon.

BRIAN

Won't be long, must go.

With that Brian disappears into the crowd, looking for a loo.

8. EXT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. MARBLE ARCH. BRIAN returns looking relieved and sits in the passenger seat with MIKE ready to drive as THE STARTER arrives carrying his pistol.

Suddenly AN OFFICIAL LOOKING MAN in a sombre blue suit appears out of the crowd and calls to MIKE with an air of authority. The man carries a document case and pulls out some important looking papers.

THE SOLICITOR (Rick Mayall)

Mr Perkins

MIKE

(To himself)

Oh no, not another summons.

THE SOLICITOR

Mike.

MIKE

Richard, I thought you were a bailiff come to restrain the car.

SOLICITOR

Don't you recognise your own solicitor, Mike?

MIKE

Sorry Richard, I was miles away.

The Solicitor looks confused.

SOLICITOR

That's a joke, isn't it?

MIKE

I suppose it might be, Richard. Anyway what's the trouble or have you just come to see us break down?

SOLICITOR

(Pompously)

No trouble, Mike. I've just come to look after your interests, as I always do.

MIKE

(To himself)

That's another bill I'll get.

The Solicitor hands Mike some papers.

SOLICITOR

It's your last will and testament, Mike. Sign here, Brian and I will be your witness.

MIKE

(In a deadpan manner)

Thank you for your confidence, Richard.

9. EXT. DAY. MARBLE ARCH. THE STARTER, a gentleman if ever there was one, shakes hands with each of the DRIVERS and CO - DRIVERS. As he points his starting pistol in the air DON THE ECCENTRIC AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE (Gene Wilder) dressed in turn of the century clothing, complete with floppy Victorian cap, a Sherlock Holmes cloak and goggles, has a sustained anxiety attack.

The CROWD and the DRIVERS are expectant and a silence descends until "BANG" and the race is on.

10. EXT. THE SAME DAY. MARBLE ARCH. AS THE STARTER'S GUN FIRES slapstick chaos breaks out.

ONE CAR is accidentally put in reverse and backs into A GROUP OF POLICE HORSES ON WHICH SIT ENORMOUS, VERY BRITISH POLICEMEN. ONE HORSE immediately bolts towards A CROWD OF ELDERLY LADIES IN LOVELY FLORAL HATS, in London for a day trip. The elderly ladies scatter and bump into numerous other members of THE CROWD while their hats blow gently across the nearby park in the occasional gusting wind, the elderly ladies in hot pursuit.

THE BOLTING HORSE continues on its mad way across nearby Hyde Park with its unseated rider, the copper, now being dragged across the terrain by his spurs caught in the horses stirrup. The Horse carries on into the distance across the park like the winner of The Grand National Horse Race, jumping fences, nannies pushing prams and park benches, onwards into the distance.

A SECOND CARS ENGINE simply drops beneath it on to the road below, the moment the key is turned in the ignition, to the enjoyment of A CROWD OF NEARBY PUNKS. THE DRIVER OF THE CAR, A RATHER DIGNIFIED LOOKING LADY OF LATER YEARS FROM CHELTENHAM DRESSED IN TWEEDS, and her partner, ANOTHER DIGNIFIED LADY, ALMOST CERTAINLY ECCENTRIC SCHOOLTEACHERS FROM A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR YOUNG 'GELS' (Dawn French & Jennifer Saunders), calmly get out of their car and each lady socks a punk in the jaw. They continue to practice karate on the rest who attempt to make a getaway with the Dignified Ladies hot on their tails.

As THE OTHER CARS splutter and clank, clouds of smoke billowing up from difficult starters,

ONE ENTRANT A JAPANESE COUPLE WITH AUSTRALIA clearly marked on its side, moves off from Marble Arch and attempts to turn into Hyde Park Road.

As THE DRIVER turns his steering wheel to the left the wheel comes off in his hand, but his ancient motor continues straight ahead across the park, totally out of control, onwards into the Serpentine ornamental lake where it sinks to waist level surrounded by ducks and geese, its occupants journey, who's aim it was to reach Australia, ending rather prematurely in the Serpentine.

YET ANOTHER CAR accidentally catches its fender on the tethered rope of an aerial balloon with A CAMERAMAN (John Cleese) inside. The basket in which the Cameraman sits beneath the balloon, then slips away from its rope which is still attached to the unsuspecting car, now travelling down Hyde Park Road at some speed.

The Balloon with the Terrified Cameraman inside slowly rises up into the air on its own particular journey to a destination unknown, upwards in the direction of the flight path of the many passenger jets descending to land at London's Heathrow Airport - to the consternation of the terrified cameraman.

The Car with the loose rope still attached to its rear fender continues its journey across London until the trailing cord catches onto a street railing as the car turns a corner, pulling the railing away from the road side and the cars fender off at the same time.

The fender clanks to the ground in front of following cars full of CAMERAMEN AND JOURNALISTS. THE FOLLOWING CARS CHOCK FULL OF CAMERAMEN drive over the railing, which in turn catches punctures tyres and catches beneath their drive shafts and exhaust pipes, forcing them to grind to a halt, leaving the posse of cameramen minus their newsreel story and their cars.

The Cameramen attempt to flag down passing cars in order to pursue the handful of vintage cars who have actually managed to stay in one piece and commence the race.

Amidst these scenes of chaos, with Brian at the wheel, COOKIE finally manages to start, and slowly but surely inches her way round the carnage caused by the other contestants, to clank it's way along the first few hundred yards of the journey to Australia.

MIKE and BRIAN sit bemused at the events which surround them, but British to the core and looking every bit like Rattie and Toad from The Wind In The Willows, our stout fellows keep a stiff upper lip and make their way onwards towards the Portsmouth Road.

MIKE

What intrepid chaps we are. Jolly good, what? Keep a stiff upper lip old boy. Pip, Pip. Stout Fellow. Tally Ho.

11. EXT. DAY. THE CARS race down HYDE PARK with COOKIE bringing up the rear a long way behind. Bang, splutter clank goes COOKIE as BRIAN struggles to control her ancient

steering system.

12. EXT. DAY. THE STREETS OF LONDON. CU'S MIKE and BRIAN as COOKIE clatters along.

MIKE

Why we must be doing close to forty by now.

BRIAN

Paris, here we come, Folies Bergere, Eiffel Tower, Moulin Rouge.

MIKE.

Brian, this is a race, we're not stopping unless we have to. Paris, yes, but we're by passing it and going South.... I hope you're better at driving than you are at navigation.

BRIAN

Sorry Headmistress.... I guess I'd better leave the navigation to you.... Who's a bitch then....

13. EXT. DAY. VARIOUS SHOTS OF COOKIE as she makes her way at breakneck speed (about 35 mph) on THE A3 LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

14. EXT. LATER THAT DAY. THE LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH ROAD. CU'S MIKE AND BRIAN

BRIAN

Looks like we've lost the rest.

MIKE

More like the rest have lost us. Can't you do anything to make Cookie go faster?

BRIAN

She's doing her best. Give her a break. I'm sure Cookie won't let us down.....

MIKE

I hope not.

Mike looks up and makes a silent prayer.



15. EXT. DUSK. PORTSMOUTH FERRY PORT. SIX VINTAGE CARS REMAIN IN THE RALLY. They are parked waiting for the Ferry to France as COOKIE with MIKE and BRIAN chug into the LARGE CAR PARK.

Standing near a special platform decorated with flags, THE LORD MAYOR OF PORTSMOUTH is surrounded by a SMALL CROWD who clap politely as COOKIE rattles to a halt. Looking slightly weary, Mike and Brian alight from the car.

MIKE

Pompey at last. I could do with a drink, but not for you, Brian. I've got to navigate until you get used to driving on the wrong side of the road. France next.

BRIAN

Come on, Mike. We've got three to four hours before we leave the jetty then six hours on the ferry.

MIKE

Well, all right, but only a small one. We don't want you falling all over the place when the Lady Mayoress gives us our official send off, and the Mayor won't be too happy if you spill wine over his awful suit. Have you seen it? The Lady Mayoress looks a sight as well.

BRIAN

You can be an awful bitch at times.

16. EXT. DUSK. AN HOUR LATER. PORTSMOUTH FERRY PORT. THE LORD MAYOR of PORTSMOUTH, accompanied by the LADY MAYORESS, greet MIKE and BRIAN with an outstretched hand.

THE LORD MAYOR

Congratulations on getting this far, Mike. Seventy three miles already.

Mike and Brian look worried at The Lord Mayors' unfettered confidence.

MIKE

Thank you, Lord Mayor.

THE LORD MAYOR

We, the People of Portsmouth, ask you to present this Plaque to the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Australia. Hands across the sea and all that.

(Quietly to Mike)

If you don't actually get that far, no matter. Just pop it in the post. But be sure to register the package. I've put the address on a separate card if Cookie doesn't make it. I mean, Australia is a long, long way you know.

MIKE

(Quietly)

Someone else said that recently.

LORD MAYOR

Would you lads get up on the dais so I can make the official presentation.

17. EXT. DUSK. MINUTES LATER. PORTSMOUTH FERRY PORT. On a raised dais THE LORD MAYOR officially offers THE PLAQUE to BRIAN and MIKE.

THE LORD MAYOR OF PORTSMOUTH

And may we wish Mike, Brian and Cookie, God Speed as they commence their intrepid journey all the way to Australia. But be careful of kangaroos.

IMPOLITE SHOUTS FROM THE CROWD

You'll never make it.

Polite laughter mixed with derision emanate from crowd.

18. EXT. DUSK. PORTSMOUTH FERRY PORT. The car ferry from Portsmouth to St Malo hoots it's fog horn as the cargo doors open and THE REMAINING SIX VINTAGE CARS carefully drive up the ships ramp with COOKIE bringing up the rear. '

19. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY. FRANCE. FS of ST MALO HARBOUR as the BRITISH FERRY approaches. A SMALL CROWD wait at the dock side.

20. EXT. DAY. MOMENTS LATER. ST MALO DOCKSIDE. THE SMALL CROWD cheer in French as THE SIX VINTAGE CARS disembark from THE CAR FERRY.

THE CROWD

Bravo, Bravo.

Last of all, with BRIAN driving MIKE beside him, COOKIE slowly descends from the ramp of the ship on to FRENCH soil.

MIKE

French soil already. Oh, la, la and oui, oui.

That reminds me. I need a wee, wee.

BRIAN

Why didn't you go on the boat?

MIKE

I did. But I drank too much and I need another one.

BRIAN

We're all behind as it is. Well you're all behind. Have you seen yourself from the back lately?

MIKE

And you call me a bitch!

21. EXT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. ST MALO DOCKSIDE. FS. of AN AUSTRALIAN JOURNALIST who shouts to MIKE AND BRIAN as they slowly coax COOKIE from the SHIP through CUSTOMS and into ST MALO TOWN on the first foreign leg of Cookie's awaiting journey. The Australian Journalist shouts a dubious message of encouragement.

AUSTRALIAN JOURNALIST

Don't worry mate, you might even make it all the way to Lyon. But if you told em back home you'd got that far, most people would think you were lying. Lyon the lying they'd call you.

The Aussie journalist winks.

MIKE

I think that was what is known as Australian humour.

BRIAN

Cant be.

MIKE

Why not?

BRIAN

No swearing.

22. EXT. THE SAME DAY. VARIOUS TRAVELOGUE SHOTS of COOKIE THE CAR: ST MALO to the OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS then winging south on the Road to LYON.

23. EXT. THE SAME DAY. GOING SOUTH TOWARDS LYON. COOKIE is travelling smoothly along a narrowish country road lined with trees. As the car wends its way past a horse drawn hay wagon BRIAN almost drives head on into an ancient Renault C5 with an open top. The C5 skids off the narrow country road and into a ditch.

Cookie stops and BRIAN and MIKE walk back to see if they can help the driver of the injured vehicle.

From inside the car out steps THE MOST BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BRIGITTE BARDOT'ISH FEMALE DRESSED IN A FRENCH WAITRESS OUTFIT with low cut blouse, tiny black mini skirt, black stockings and suspender belt just visible.

The young French Waitress sobs and looks vulnerable, bringing out the protective instincts of Mike and Brian, at the same time as making them feel very horny. The young Mamselle speaks in the cutest French accented English.

FRENCH WAITRESS

Monsieur's, what ave you done to my car? I was on my way to work at the restaurant and now I will be late. Zee boss will be very ard on me, ow can I get there now, my car she is brok - ed.

BRIAN

Let me look at your engine.

Mike gives Brian a nudge and a wink as he opens the bonnet of the young girls car and she leans over to watch, her ample breasts overflowing from the top of her low cut French Waitress outfit: a small, saucy homage to the traditions of the 'Carry On' films.

MIKE

(Whispering)

Do you mean you want to look at her engine or the cars engine, Brian. Ho, ho, ha, ha, nudge, nudge, wink, wink!

The French Waitress continues to lean tantalisingly over the engine of her brok - ed car, her nipples almost bobbing out of her blouse and her cute little ass in the prone position, revealing slim, creamy coloured thighs above black suspended stocking tops. Brian attempts to keep his mind on the job as Mike stands behind half covering his eyes at the sight of the young French maids reveal - ed bum.

MIKE

I love France, Brian. The scenery is so beautiful. So much to see.

BRIAN

Yes, very revealing.

Brian almost has his eyes poked out by the young French Maids breasts as she leans over and points to something in the engine.

MIKE

I think she wants to show you something Brian. Guffaw, guffaw.

FRENCH WAITRESS

It is this little ard thing which may be the problem, a sparkly plug I think he is called.

MIKE

That's not the only ard little thing giving a problem at the moment!

BRIAN

Shut up, Mike. She's only young and might realise what you're talking about.

MIKE

Don't worry, Brian. The French are very broad minded.

BRIAN

I don't think I can do anything with your engine straight away.

Mike butts in with a double entendre.

MIKE

Well, it could!

BRIAN

Mike, please, a little decorum.

MIKE

(To the girl)

Perhaps we can give you a lift to work then we'll come back and fix your car. It's the least we can do for causing you all this trouble and distress.

FRENCH WAITRESS

Mai oui, Monsieur's. You are most kind.

MIKE

Unfortunately, the back seat is full of luggage, would you mind sitting on my lap?

FRENCH WAITRESS

No, zat will be all right. As long as I will not be too ard on your body, Monsieur.

Mike dreamily anticipates the coming joy of the young French Maid sitting down ard on his lap.

MIKE

Too ard for me? Almost certainly, but must help a lady in distress, British and all that.

The French girl does not understand.

FRENCH WAITRESS

You are British, is that not so?

Mike nods.

FRENCH WAITRESS

The British are such gentlemen. Elping me to reach my work on time is so very good for me.

MIKE

It's nothing.

BRIAN

(Sarcastically)

That's big of you, Mike.

MIKE

Not yet, but I'm sure it will be!

The threesome enter Cookie and as Brian drives, the French Maid sits on Mike's lap in the front passenger seat, a look of unrepressed joy on Mike's face.

FRENCH WAITRESS

I hope you are not getting too stiff?

MIKE

Stiff? Well a bit, but don't worry, I can handle it.

FRENCH WAITRESS

If it is too hard down there I will jiggle up and down so that I do not hurt you so much in one place.

MIKE

Please don't do that. Otherwise things could get very sticky.

FRENCH WAITRESS

I will try and cum up a bit further. I seem to be sitting on your keys, there is something very hard down there!

BRIAN

Are you sure it's your keys, Mike?

MIKE

Shhh. She doesn't know my keys are in my case.

The French Maid jerks up higher on Mike's lap shoving her boobs into his face as she does so.

FRENCH WAITRESS

Am I too close? I would not want to interfere with your breathing.

MIKE

I'm just breathing deeply, that's all. I always breathe deeply with a lovely young lady on my lap and her chest things suffocating my face.

Just at that moment Cookie drives into a small French village with a deeply cobbled road. The car vibrates continuously, the young French Maid still on Mike's lap.

FRENCH WAITRESS

We are aving a good jump.

BRIAN

I think she means the car is jumping about on the cobbled road, Mike.

FRENCH WAITRESS

Your suspension is very ard Monsieur.

Mike face is almost having an orgasm.

MIKE

I suppose it must be.

FRENCH WAITRESS

The old ones are always ard, especially on cobblers.

BRIAN

I think she means the suspension on old cars is very ard, especially when travelling on cobbled roads. Her English is not so hot.

MIKE

(Dreamily)

But her French part is perfect.

BRIAN

Her French part?



Mike silently looks at Brian, refusing to comment further about his double entendre, and changes the subject slightly.

MIKE

I think I'm going to like France, Brian.

As the car stops outside a Restaurant, The French Waitress eases herself off Mike's lap and out of the car, as she turns again rubbing her heaving cleavage against Mike's face in the tiny confines of the old car. Stepping out she drops her small handbag on the pavement and bends down to pick it up, flashing her cute suspended bottom upwards to Mike and Brian's continued pleasure.

BRIAN

Yes, we're going to like France, Mike.

(To the girl)

We'll go and fix your car. Mike will drive it back, I'll follow in Cookie. Can we have the keys?

The French Waitress reaches into her handbag and brings out her keys. As she does so a pack of condoms fall out.

FRENCH WAITRESS

Ohh, la, la. I ave drop - ed my condoms.

BRIAN

(To Mike)

She must be in the Girl Guides. Be prepared.

Mike rushes to pick them up. He returns the condoms to the French Waitress.

FRENCH WAITRESS

You are most kind Monsieur's. Ow can I ever repay you?

The carnal thoughts which race into Mike and Brian's minds can be seen on their horny faces.

FADE TO:

24. EXT. LATER THAT SAME DAY. THE VILLAGE RESTAURANT. MIKE parks the

~~RENAULT. MIKE stands and BRIAN drives up behind in COOKIE. THE FRENCH WAITRESS appears~~  
from the door of the building. The keys passed over, the French Waitress waves goodbye as  
Mike and Brian drive Cookie away on to the next leg of their journey.

25. EXT. DAY. SHORTLY AFTER THE DRIVE TOWARDS LYON in the French  
countryside. MIKE and BRIAN speak as Brian drives COOKIE along.

MIKE

Glad we could help that lovely young girl, hands across the sea and all that.

BRIAN

Hands across her boobs more like it, you dirty old man.

MIKE

Not 'old' Brian.... Mature maybe. A bit like fine wine. As it ages mature wine gains more taste  
and value.

BRIAN

I bet that was the breast ride you ever had!

BRIAN

(Brian impersonates Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseaux)

You are a very naughty man, you know that. You could get ten years for what you're thinking.  
You naughty, naughty boy. We'll ave to give you a jolly good spanking.

MIKE

Don't get me going even more than I am already. That was exactly what I was thinking about  
when that lovely young French Waitress was sitting on my lap.

BRIAN

What her giving you a good spanking or you giving her one?

MIKE

Yes. Both

CU. MIKE LOOKING DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA, giving a knowing wink and a 'caught  
in the act', naughty boy look on his face.

25. EXT. SAME DAY. THE DRIVE TOWARDS LYON. As COOKIE purrs along with BRIAN at the wheel, MIKE thinks back to the events which occurred during the last two years, leading up to their current adventure.

SLOW FADE INTO:

26. INT. DAY. CU. THE LETTER FROM GM, DATED 29TH DECEMBER 1987. SIR LES PATTERSON commences reading the long letter.

27. INT. DAY. THE MAP OF EUROPE, MIDDLE EAST, FAR EAST AND AUSTRALIA. A CARTOON LINE ETCHES ITS WAY ALONG THE COMPLETE ROUTE FROM LONDON to SYDNEY as SIR LES PATTERSON'S VOICE OVER continues reading the letter.

SIR LES PATTERSON is a grotesque parody of Australia's Minister For Cultural Affairs.

Sir Les intermittently spits, coughs and farts as he reads, adding his own foul asides.

SIR LES PATTERSON

DECEMBER 19TH 1987. LONDON TO SYDNEY VINTAGE CAR  
ENDURANCE TRIAL.

Brian Mullineaux and Michael Perkins from Hayling Island Hampshire will be entering their 1924 Vauxhall 14/40 in what is generally regarded as one of the greatest car endurance runs of all times.

(Aside) They should try getting through Sydney in the rush hour.

SIE LES PATTERSON

The London to Sydney Vintage Car Endurance Trial will start from London Bridge at 10:00 am on New Years Day, January 1st 1988, and end, for Brian and Michael, some 4 to 5 months, and approximately 18,000 miles later at The Sydney Opera House in Australia.

(Aside) What in an old banger like that.

(Spitting, coughing and scoffing)

The 1988 London to Sydney Vintage Car Endurance Trial is being staged as part of Australia's Bicentennial Celebrations to illustrate the challenging conditions experienced by early pioneering long distance motorists.

(Aside) Same as it still is in the outback sport.

There are six entrants in all with participants from the UK, Australia, and the USA. The vehicles themselves must have been manufactured before December 31st 1930 and retain an authentic engine, gearbox and differential if appropriate.

(Aside) A bit difficult without them I would have thought.

(Aside) I could do with a new differential myself, spit, spit, cough, cough.

The story behind this privately - entered Vauxhall began more than two years ago when Michael Perkins booked a skiing holiday in Austria. Unknown to him, Brian Mullineaux -a near neighbour, had booked the same holiday and they met on the ski slopes.

(Aside) Falling in a heap over a young ski instructress I'll be bound.

Over a drink that evening, Brian told Michael about the Vintage Car Endurance Trial and they decided to enter together.

(Pausing, Sir Les lets off a long slow fart then laughs)

Back in England they searched for a suitable car and found the Vauxhall 1924 Malvern 14/40 two seater Tourer - a very rare vehicle of which only very few are still in existence.

The next 18 months were devoted to bringing the car up to the standard required for the endurance run.

The restoration programme included a complete engine and gearbox rebuild, the stripping down and re-work of all electrical and mechanical components and the fitting of one of two small extras.

(Aside) Like two young birds and a trailer full of Fosters.

SIR LES PATTERSON

Modifications have included back - up electrical fan coolers and an electrical fuel pump.

(Aside) I guess I need a bit of modification on me old fuel pump, don't I darlings.

(Girls giggle in the background)

Need a bit cut off, I mean, it's unfair.

Extra luggage racks to hold the assorted equipment essential to a drive half way around the world.

(Aside) A catering pack of condoms I shouldn't wonder...

Despite all this the car is still basically in original condition.

(Aside) Just like me, old sport.

The route undertaken by each of the seven entrants to begin the journey on January 1st, is left entirely to each crew, providing certain parameters are met to ensure that each vehicle covers the maximum distance under its own power. Entrants must travel in an overall south - easterly direction between start and finish.

(Aside) I bet that's difficult when you're pissed.

Airlifting of vehicles is not permitted. Only one major ocean voyage may be undertaken to reach Australia, this having commenced from no further than 2 degrees north latitude, although any number of short ferry crossings are allowed providing they traverse the minimum number of nautical miles between land masses.

(Aside) I'd hate to see you swim there boy's you'd meet more sharks than there are on the Sydney Stock Exchange.

Apart from bringing the 63 year old Vauxhall up to its current standard of repair, Brian and Mike are responsible for all their own travel arrangements - ferry crossings, accommodation, although they will have a small packing tent, and the endless paperwork to allow them to cross the many borders along the route.

(Aside) Sound like a Social Security Clerks worst bloody nightmare.

From London, the 1924 Vauxhall will travel to Portsmouth and cross into France, then through Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Arab Emirates, India, Malaysia, Singapore and then to Darwin. Once in Darwin, Australia, the journey moves across the Outback to Sydney and their goal - The Sydney Opera House.

(Aside) Good old Sydney, I've bonked a few there in my time, in the underground car park at the Opera House, mainly. Oh, and under the bridge. A bit wet when the waters rough. But alcohol keeps the cold out.

The Vauxhall is extremely eye - catching in it's bright yellow livery, despite the various luggage racks we have had to fit in order to store our equipment," says Michael Perkins.

(Aside) What a load of bullshit this is.

It is our dearest wish to finish what will be, we feel sure, an amazing 18,000 mile adventure.

(Aside) Shit, that'll be some journey boy's. Hope you stocked up on Crocodile repellent, in case you meet Paul Hogan. Not to mention some Kangaroo tonic so you can do lot's of jumping if you know what I mean.

(laughing, smirking, coughing, spitting and farting again)

Plus a few crates of Fosters so you won't give a Castlemaine XXXX whether you get there or not. Ha, ha, spit, spit, cough, cough.

To end his intellectual dissertation Sir Les loudly breaks wind one final time.

28. EXT. THE SAME DAY. COOKIES DRIVE TOWARDS LYON. CU. MIKE'S FACE as he returns to the present. Mike turns to BRIAN.

MIKE

Has it really taken two years for us to get this far, Brian.

29. EXT. SAME DAY. COOKIES DRIVE TOWARDS LYON. MIKE leans out the side of the car and affectionately pats COOKIE on the bonnet.

MIKE

We'll she seems to be going well now, Brian.... There's a good girl. Not you, Brian. Cookie.

30. EXT. DAY. MOMENTS LATER. THE DRIVE TOWARDS LYON. At MIKE's remark, Cookies engine makes a loud bang and the car splutters to a slow grinding halt in THE FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE just outside the VILLAGE of D'ARCY. BRIAN and MIKE look pissed off.

31. EXT. DAY. DUSK COMMENCING. OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE OF D'ARCY. In torrential rain MIKE walks down the road to an emergency phone and in garbage French takes an age trying to call a breakdown truck.

MIKE

I need a breakdown truck. Parlex vous Anglaise, Madam?

With no success and pissing down with rain, Mike is soaking wet, dejected and without a thought as to what he can do next.

Just at that moment A CAR FULL OF CHINESE PEOPLE pull up. From the car AN OLD CHINESE MAN IN TRADITIONAL BLACK SILK TROUSERS AND ORIENTAL TOP, COMPLETE WITH A LONG PIGTAIL, in perfect English, asks if he can assist.

OLD CHINESE MAN

Can I be of any assistance, sir? We saw your wonderful little yellow car broken down just along

the road. I assume you were attempting to call a garage.

MIKE

Absolutely, unfortunately my French is so bad I can't make myself understood to the Operator. Your English is impeccable, you don't speak French as well by any chance?

The Old Chinese man picks up the emergency phone and, in perfect French, calls for a breakdown truck. The Chinese gentleman reappears.

THE OLD CHINESE MAN

A breakdown wagon will be along in about half an hour. Perhaps you would like to squeeze into our car, in order to keep out of the rain?

MIKE

Thank you very much indeed.

Mike squeezes into the car along with the other SIX OTHER CHINESE PEOPLE IN A FOUR SEATER VEHICLE.

32. INT. NIGHT. THE LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL DES GROTTES, VILLAGE OF D'ARCY. A FRENCH GARAGE OWNER talks in halting English to MIKE and BRIAN

FRENCH GARAGE OWNER

Oui, Monsieur. We ave towed your sweet little car into our workshop and will commence work on it immediately. So may I wish you Bon Nuit.

33. INT. DAY. THE FOLLOWING MORNING 3rd JANUARY. INSIDE THE WORKSHOP AT D'ARCY. COOKIE looks down at heel as BRIAN supervises her repairs with the enthusiastic assistance of SEVEN FRENCH MECHANICS. THE FRENCH GARAGE OWNER interprets BRIAN'S requirements to his employees.

FRENCH GARAGE OWNER

It is not a big problem, Monsieur. As you can see, you may leave it safely to us and as you are in something of a Great Race we will work overtime until it is complete. Sometime tonight I think. Au revoir, Monsieur.

34. INT. NIGHT. MIKE AND BRIAN sit quietly in THE LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL DES GROTTES. They look concerned.



BRIAN

Cookie's OK now Mike, nothing major. Timing gear broke that's all. Fortunately we've got a spare on board, but only one. If that goes we've had it. Suggest we fax Dougie at GM in England for another one.

MIKE

Good old Dougie, he really helped us get Cookie in shape back in England. All for nothing it seems, we must be ages behind the rest by now.

Mike looks fed up.

MIKE

We'll have to try and get an early start tomorrow, try and catch up.

SLOW FADE TO:

35. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (4TH January). OUTSIDE THE HOTEL DES GROTTES. COOKIE stands ready, sparking clean and polished, courtesy of the FRENCH GARAGE OWNER and his SEVEN MECHANICS who stand by looking typically French in neck scarves, berets and thin Apache Dancer moustaches, pleased to have been of service to such an important vehicle. MIKE AND BRIAN shake hands with the Garage Owner and all seven of his friendly staff before handing out bottles of local wine in gratitude.

The Garage Owner looks at his antique pocket watch.

FRENCH GARAGE OWNER

Exactly ten past ten. You must be off.

He shakes hands again.

FRENCH GARAGE OWNER

May we wish you, Bon Chance.

36. EXT. THE SAME DAY (4th Jan). THE VILLAGE OF D'ARCY. With MIKE AND BRIAN looking happy to be on their way again, COOKIE thunders off sounding vibrant and healthy as various villagers wave and shout their good wishes for a safe journey.

VILLAGERS



Bon voyage, Messieurs.

37. EXT. DAY & NIGHT. TRAVELOGUE MISCELLANY OF SHOTS. Stopping at and leaving various hotels along the route from D'ARCY.

38. EXT. DAY & NIGHT. COOKIES DRIVE THROUGH SPECTACULAR COUNTRYSIDE, THE FRENCH ALPS, MONT BLANC TUNNEL AND SWITZERLAND.

THE WEATHER IS APPALLING, WIND, RAIN, SNOW but still with people waving to COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN as they pass through snow covered, picturesque villages and towns. Mike and Brian ARE wrapped up as best they can in their ancient, open topped little vehicle, drive on through blizzards and storms. Such intrepid heroes.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. EXT. DAY (5TH Jan). THE ITALIAN BORDER. A much bedraggled COOKIE with an equally cold and worse for wear BRIAN AND MIKE, reach the CUSTOMS post.

At the sight of the unusual trio, despite the weather, ALL THE ITALIAN CUSTOMS OFFICIALS leave the warmth of their offices and gather round, gesticulating in an over the top Italian fashion about Cookie. The Customs Officers continually shake Mike and Brian's hand, giving only cursory glances at passports and documentation.

ITALIAN CUSTOMS OFFICERS

Bonjourno, bonjourno.

The Customs Officers enthuse over Cookie the car as if she is a woman, until after a thousand handshakes and multiple pats on the back, they wave their VIP's on. A private party with friends rather than any resemblance of formal customs procedures.

40. EXT. NIGHT (5TH Jan). ITALY. THE OUTSKIRTS OF MILAN. COOKIE not doing so well after the long journey across snowy Switzerland and into Italy. The weather is still cold and miserable. Cookie eventually draws up outside a warm and friendly looking house.

41. INT. NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER. (5TH Jan). MR AND MRS SCHARALLI's HOME. The couple greet MIKE AND BRIAN with overwhelming Italian warmth, much hugging, kissing and shaking of hands.

MR AND MRS SCHARALLI

Bonjourno, bonjourno. Please, please, you must take a off a your clothes, take a hot a bath and warma yourselves. Then we will giva you de mosta appetising plate of a Italian spaghetti that you ave ever tasteda. I promise you willa wanna for nothing while you are ere in our ome. Bonjourno.

42. INT. NIGHT. SHORTLY AFTER. (5TH January). THE DINING ROOM of MR AND

MRS SCHARALLI'S HOME. MIKE, BRIAN, MR AND MRS SCHARALLI AND THE FIVE LITTLE SCHARALLIS have just eaten an enormous Italian meal yet still a huge bowl of spaghetti sits at the centre of the table, ready for anyone large enough still requiring more. Everyone is happy, especially Mike and Brian.

MIKE

May we thank you for your enormous hospitality Mr and Mrs Scharalli. I'm glad we met your son in England and that he invited us to your home.

The Scharalli's beam with delight.

MR SCHARALLI

It is our pleasure. You are welcome to stay as long as you wish. Would you care for some more of Mamma's spaghetti?

MIKE

We've eaten too much already and as you know we should leave tomorrow, but Cookie has a sticky valve which needs attention. Nothing serious but better to fix it sooner rather than later. Tomorrow will you guide us to the local offices of General Motors?

MR SCHARALLI

I am sorry but I cannot...

Mike looks tense and turns to Brian.

MIKE

You don't think he's in the Mafia, do you?

Mrs Scharalli smiles.

MRS SCHARALLI

My husband means that it is a National Holiday tomorrow, everywhere is closed, so you must stay with us an extra day. Enjoy Milano tomorrow and make your repair the following day.

Brian and Mike shrug their shoulders in resignation.

MIKE

We'll never catch up with the rest now.

FADE TO:

43. EXT. DAY AND NIGHT (6TH Jan). A DAY OF SIGHT SEEING IN MILAN. BRIAN AND MIKE visit MILAN CASTLE, VARIOUS SHOPPING CENTRES and the whole tourist bit, ending up in a traditional ITALIAN PIZZA RESTAURANT at night.

44. INT. NIGHT. A PIZZA RESTAURANT. BRIAN AND MIKE SIT CONTENTEDLY after yet another huge Italian meal. PAVAROTTI sings in the background on the restaurants music system. WAITERS hover around providing an example of typical Italian HOSPITALITY: friendly, courteous but definitely over the top. Mamma mia.

MIKE

What do you think, Brian. An hour or so in the garage tomorrow to fix the valve?

BRIAN

If there's something the Italian's know about it's cars. Ferrari, Buggati, Fiat.

MIKE

But you can't beat a good Vauxhall 14/40 Brian and there's only a handful of them left, and she has got us this far. Cookie and Italy, what a lovely combination.

45. EXT. DAY. A ROAD JUNCTION WITH A SIGN IN ITALIAN. It say's VENEZIA, MILANO, FIRENZE and RIMINI. COOKIE stops and MIKE AND BRIAN get out of the car looking puzzled and dismayed.

BRIAN

Don't go much on your navigation, Mike. This is Firenze. We must have taken the wrong turning a 100 miles back.

Mike scratches his like head like Stan Laurel.

MIKE

Sorry, Brian. Nothing for it but to stay the night and get a new start tomorrow morning. At least we didn't go north. Let's book into that hotel, it shouldn't be full this time of year.

BRIAN

You drive tomorrow, Mike. I'll navigate.

46. EXT. DAY. THE FOLLOWING MORNING (8TH JANUARY) 6.30 AM OUTSIDE

THE HOTEL LA VALLOMBRUSINA. COOKIE MIKE AND BRIAN leave the town of  
FIRENZE whence they drive all day to ALTIDONA (near PESCONA).

47. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE DRIVE TO BRINDISI. As COOKIE with MIKE AND BRIAN travel through A CROWDED TOWN, they hit a traffic jam with hundreds of cars and typical ITALIAN DRIVERS growling with impatience, honking their horns and gesticulating. Mike and Brian stand up in the car in an attempt to find out what's causing the commotion up front.

48. STOCK SHOT FROM THE MOVIE 'THE ITALIAN JOB'. MICHAEL CAINE in a MINI CAR driving up some steps in an attempt to get away from the cops and a rival gang of robbers. On film a bank heist is in progress.

49. EXT. DAY. A MINUTE LATER. THE CROWDED TOWN. MIKE AND BRIAN sit back down in COOKIE.

BRIAN

What did you make of that, Mike?

Mike looks bemused.

MIKE

I'm not certain. I could have sworn I saw Michael Caine, in a mini car....

BRIAN

(Scoffing slightly)

Don't be silly, what would Michael Caine be doing out here, its just another robbery by The Mafia. They stage them as part of the tourist industry, gives peoples holidays a boost, something to talk about when they return home.

Mike shrugs his shoulders, saying nothing in reply. A moment later a very English looking Englishman dressed somewhat like Sherlock Holmes gets out of the car in front and walks back to Cookie. He approaches Mike and Brian. It is Michael Caine.

MICHAEL CAINE

Excuse me, old chap. Got a light for my pipe?

Michael has a good look at Cookie.

MICHAEL CAINE

Love the car, old thing.... Don't make them like that any more, do they?

Thanks for the light. Must rush, got to check with continuity. Can't remember whether I'm supposed to be carrying out a robbery or solving one..... Should be elementary really..... But I do so much work I don't know who I am from one bleedin day to the next..... Not many people know that.

Michael Caine returns to his car.

DISSOLVE TO:

50. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE ROAD TO BRINDISI as COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN continue their drive across Italy, they eventually approach AN ANCIENT RUINED TEMPLE where they stop.

A BUNCH OF BUILDING WORKERS are heaving stone and generally doing their best to look busy in the task of repairing the ancient monument.

Mike and Brian step out of the car and walk towards the ancient site.

Suddenly one of the building workers turns and we CUT TO:

51. STOCK SHOT. CU STEVE REEVES FACE, bearded and handsome against the background of a Roman Temple. (From a Fifties, Sword & Sandles biblical epic.)

52. EXT. DAY. SECONDS LATER. ADJACENT TO THE ANCIENT MONUMENT. CU. MIKE looking puzzled.

MIKE

(To himself, quietly)

I don't believe that.....

Mike turns to Brian who is looking elsewhere. Mike goes to speak but thinks better of it. Brian was never that bright to start with and as for imagination, forget it.

BRIAN

Were you going to say something, Mike?

MIKE

Not really, Brian.... Well.... I was about to.... to ask you if you were hungry. Watching people work has given me an appetite, what about you?

Mike and Brian return to Cookie. They get in and drive off onto the next stretch of their journey.

Mike turns back momentarily as they leave, puzzled at what he may have just seen.

FADE TO:

53. EXT. DAY. LUNCHTIME OF SATURDAY 10TH JANUARY. COOKIE drives into BRINDISI and heads immediately for the FERRY PORT where they stop at a DOCKSIDE RESTAURANT.

54. INT. DAY. SHORTLY AFTER. INSIDE A DOCKSIDE RESTAURANT AT BRINDISI. MIKE and BRIAN sit down and peruse a menu.

MIKE

Brindisi.... Better late than never. Only five days later than planned.

Mike gives a sigh.

BRIAN

Well at least Cookie got us this far.

MIKE

True, True. Let's hope she gets us the rest of the way.

(In spoof Australia accent)

To Australia.

55. EXT. THE SAME DAY. OUTSIDE THE DOCKSIDE RESTAURANT in BRINDISI. BRIAN and MIKE appear.

Underneath COOKIE an oil leak is apparent.

BRIAN.

We Can't blame the old girl for an oil leak, Mike. She has just brought us another 400 miles. I'll find a garage while you phone Mr Feratti and advise him that we've arrived.

56. INT. THE SAME DAY. CUSTOMS OFFICE AT BRINDISI PORT. MIKE phones his Italian contact.

MIKE

Mr Ferrati. Its me, Mike. We've arrived at Brindisi. Cookie, Brian and myself.

It's good to speak to you too.

MIKE

We're tired of course but all in one piece. Cookie? Well she needs a service, got an oil leak and some other minor things. Can you arrange a service for tomorrow so we don't waste any more time? We must be weeks behind the rest by now.

Great stuff.

Do we need a service? Absolutely, who did you have in mind?

What's her name? Fanny? That's not an Italian name, its English.

MIKE

(Still on the telephone)

Oh, 'some' fanny. We call it pussy actually but fanny means the same. At least it does in England, but something different in America. Two nations separated by a common language. Oh, nothing important. Pussy, fanny, it's all the same to us. Trouble is I don't think we'll have time. We'd like to catch up with the other contestants in the rally. Maybe next time we're in Italy. Thanks anyway.

Look forward to seeing you tomorrow. Bye.

57. EXT. NIGHT. THE SAME DAY. BRINDISI PORT. COOKIE trundles up the ramp onto the good ship 'LIDIA' bound for GREECE.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. EXT. EARLY MORNING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY (11TH January). ON BOARD 'LIDIA' ON THE WAY FROM ITALY TO GREECE. The sun shines and MIKE sits on deck enjoying a rest. Some GREEK PEASANT CHILDREN play five stones on the floor. PEASANT MOTHERS dressed in black sit knitting while THEIR HUSBANDS talk and drink Ouzo. BRIAN leans over the side being sick.

59. EXT. THE SAME DAY. NOT LONG AFTER. THE VIEW FROM THE SHIP 'LIDIA' as it approaches the GREEK PORT OF IGOUMENTIAA.

60. EXT. THE SAME DAY. MINUTES LATER. COOKIE drives off the good ship LIDIA to it's FIRST GREEK PORT OF CALL. CROWDS of INTERESTED BYSTANDERS wave and clap at the sight of the vintage yellow car.

With a loss of dignity for all concerned Cookie's engine stops and starts; spluttering and generally showing all the speed and grace of a pregnant albatross trying to rise into the air carrying a case full of Duty Free's.



61. EXT. THE SAME DAY. (11TH January). THE WEST COAST OF GREECE. COOKIE, BRIAN and MIKE make their way along the beautifully scenic route. A MISCELLANY OF THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF GREEK VILLAGE AND COUNTRY LIFE as COOKIE proceeds without a great deal of grace, her engine still intermittently exploding and spluttering its way along. MIKE and BRIAN do their best to look unconcerned.

62. EXT. FOUR PM THE SAME DAY. A SMALL GREEK HOTEL AT AMFILOCHIA. BRIAN AND MIKE bring CCOKIE to a halt and are about to enter the hotel when A SERVICE TEAM FROM GM drive up and take Cookie away.

MIKE

That was efficient. Lets just have a meal, freshen up and get some rest. Maybe we can catch up a bit of time tommorrow.

BRIAN

Whatever you say, Mike. You can drive for a day or so, I've had it.

63. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE DRIVE TOWARDS ATHENS. COOKIE is smart, clean and sounding like a Princess as MIKE and BRIAN continue their journey in the bright Greek sun.

64. EXT. THE SAME DAY (12TH January). COOKIE, MIKE AND BRIAN continue THE SCENIC DRIVE THROUGH GREECE, ending up at THE FERRY TO SOUTHERN GREECE AT THE GULF OF CORINTH.

65. EXT. THE SAME DAY. COOKIE ON BOARD THE FERRY CROSSING THE GULF OF CORINTH. It is a beautiful day and MIKE and BRIAN stand on deck. THE GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER approaches, admiring their car.

GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER

Sir, your car is very beautiful.... Would you like to sell?

MIKE

We're in a rally, from England to Australia. If we arrive without Cookie we'll lose for sure.

GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER

Cookie, who is she.... ?

MIKE

That's the name of our car.



The Ferry Boat Captain beams.

GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER

Ahh, the name of your car, Cookie.

Please, be my guests, come, share some Greek coffee in the wheel house.

66. INT. THE SAME DAY. INSIDE THE WHEEL HOUSE OF THE GREEK FERRY BOAT. MIKE, BRIAN and THE FERRY BOAT OWNER sip coffee as the vessel continues it's journey.

GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER

Your Cookie is very beautiful. Please, I insist, take back your money, the cost of your trip to Corinth.

The Greek Ferry Boat Owner hands Mike a small wad of notes.

GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER

It is my pleasure that Cookie and yourselves sail with me, an honour.

67. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE FERRY BOAT DOCKS AND COOKIE DRIVES ONTO THE JETTY. MIKE and BRIAN wave to THE GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER.

GREEK FERRY BOAT OWNER

Good Luck, Gentlemen..... And to Cookie

MIKE

Espharisto, Paracolo. (Thank you in Greek).

68. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE DRIVE TO ATHENS. COOKIE, MIKE AND BRIAN enjoy the SUNNY GREEK COUNTRYSIDE: DONKEYS, ROADSIDE CAFES, OUZO DRINKERS, FLOCKS OF GOATS, GREEK FISHING BOATS and ANCIENT GREEK TEMPLES.

69. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS. MIKE and BRIAN walk to the top leaving COOKIE below.

70. EXT. SAME DAY. VIEW FROM THE ACROPOLIS ACROSS ATHENS. MIKE and BRIAN drink in the magnificent view.

MIKE

Isn't this something, Brian.... It's beautiful.

BRIAN

Can't agree more, Mike.... Cookie's got us this far and its all very beautiful. At this moment I don't care if we win or lose. Finish or not.

MIKE

It's playing the game that matters, what? How terribly British!

Mike grins.

71. EXT/INT. THAT EVENING. ATHENS BY NIGHT. NIGHT CLUBS, GREEK DANCING, BARS, HOTELS AS MIKE and BRIAN ENJOY THE CITY. ENDING OUTSIDE A NIGHT CLUB. Brian is slightly drunk. Mike looks less than happy.

MIKE

It was free to go in but two hundred quid to get out!

THREE GREEK BOUNCERS already wave goodbye

BRIAN

Thats a hundred for each drink. Inflation.

MIKE

The only club that would let us in turns out to be a clip joint.

Outside the club Mike meets up with a Greek he hasn't seen for 24 years. The two men stare at each other in disbelief.

MIKE

Hey, Paris! Is it you?

BRIAN

You must be crazy, Mike. This is Athens not Paris.

MIKE

Shut up, Brian. This is Paris, my friend Paris. You've hardly changed. We have'nt seen each other since our student days in London. Paris, how are you, my friend?

PARIS

Mike Perkins? It can't be. What are you doing in Athens?

MIKE

We're in an endurance rally for very old cars. Unfortunately we're running last at the moment.

PARIS

~~This is an amazing coincidence.~~

BRIAN

About a million to one chance I would think.

MIKE

This is my friend and co - driver, Brian.

BRIAN

(Slightly drunk)

Fancy meeting Paris in Athens. Which country are we in, Greece or France.

MIKE

He's pissed, take no notice. We've just managed to get robbed in a clip joint. Nothing to go in but about two hundred quid to come out. That or our arms busted and you cant steer very well with broken arms.

PARIS

I am so sorry, my friends. That was not a true example of Greek hospitality.

BRIAN

Don't worry, it happens everywhere in the world.

PARIS

Let me make it up to you by taking you out for the rest of the evening, at my expense.

BRIAN

Sounds like a good sodding idea to me. Lets go. A night with Paris in Athens. I don't know wether to speak French, Greek or English. Guess I'll stick with English cos I cant actually speak French or Greek. Will English be all right for Paris in Athens?

MIKE

You almost can't speak at all the state you're in, and if I punch you in the mouth you'll be even worse. And I will if you don't shut up and stop insulting my old friend. So put a sock in it.

BRIAN

You dick, I'm not wearing socks, only sandals.

MIKE

OK, I'll put your sandal in your mouth.

Mike goes to punch Brian, misses and hits a wooden fence.

MIKE

You bugger, look what you've done. I won't be able to drive for a week.

BRIAN

Serves you right, you football hooligan.

PARIS

Gentlemen, please, do not fight on my behalf. I insist you shake hands. Sorry Mike, I don't think you can, not with it swelling up like that. Come on, gentlemen. Let us enjoy the evening together, on me.

Brian, Mike and Paris walk off together towards another Taverna, Mike jabbering on to drunken Brian.

FADE TO:

72. EXT/INT. THE FOLLOWING DAY. AERIAL SHOTS OF ATHENS, PIRAEUS HARBOUR, THE PHILLOPENESE MOUNTAINS, OLYMPIA AND TOURISTS GREECE. MIKE and BRIAN continue to enjoy their stay in Greece, albeit Mike with a bandaged hand and Brian suffering a hangover.

THE NEXT DAY KAROTABEACH NOT FAR FROM ATHENS, MIKE and BRIAN dressed in swimming shorts, lie in the sun, still arguing.

MIKE

My hand is throbbing like crazy.

BRIAN

My hangover aint so hot either.

MIKE

I've a good mind to punch you again for what you did to my hand. Except that I can't punch very hard with my left because I'm right handed.

BRIAN

You didn't hit me with your right even when it was working. You only managed to hit a fence, so maybe your eyesight's not too hot either.

Mike is not used to being intellectually bested by Brian and, unusually, does not reply, just murmurs bad thoughts under his breath.

A tense silence ensues until Mike finally breaks the ice.

BRIAN

What do you say we call a truce? We've got about ten thousand miles left before we reach Sydney.

MIKE

If we reach Sydney.

Mike considers Brian's proposition and grudgingly holds out his hand to shake, before realising that he has held out his damaged, bandaged hand and changes over to his left instead.

The two men awkwardly shake hands, right hand to left hand.

Mike changes the subject and like Laurel and Hardy, the two men relegate their past failure's to the dustbin of history, ready to concentrate on future failures.

MIKE

Are all the arrangements complete for Cookie to sail to Egypt?

BRIAN

All done, she leaves tomorrow, fully serviced and ship shape.... Nothing more to do except laze in the sun till our flight, then Alexandria here we come. Pyramids, The Sphinx, Camel's and Belly Dancer's, I can't wait.

MIKE

Shame we're so far behind the others.

74. EXT. DAY (19TH January). ATHENS AIRPORT. MIKE and BRIAN walk across the tarmac towards a waiting EGYPT AIR PLANE. Suddenly Mike spots something in the distance and nudges Brian.

MIKE

What's that, Brian?

Brian stares upwards into the distant horizon, doing his best to shade his eyes in the bright sun.

BRIAN

I can't see anything, the suns too bright.

MIKE

Up there, can't you see it? It looks like.... a UFO. I can't believe it, it's a UFO.

Other PASSENGERS walk past as Mike and Brian stand motionless, transfixed, staring into the bright Greek sunlight. AN AIR STEWARDESS approaches.

EGYPT AIR STEWARDESS

Gentlemen, it is forbidden to loiter on the tarmac. Would you please join the other passengers.

MIKE

But it's a UFO. Up there. Take a look for yourself.

The Egypt Air stewardess also gazes up into the sky.

MIKE

It's hovering.

BRIAN

Brian is so small, just a speck in the sky. It's impossible to say what it is.

All three continue to stare into the distance.

MIKE

Planes don't hover in the air nor are they circular in shape.

BRIAN

Well I have to admit that it does look circular in shape. But it's too far into the distance to make out what it is exactly.

MIKE

I never saw a UFO before. Shit, I wish I had my camera. It's in our luggage on the plane. We could have had the negative enlarged to show the object in greater detail. We'd have probably made a fortune selling the picture to the newspapers. We're only on a limited budget you know. Serial rights to a UFO photograph would have financed the rest of our journey to Oz.

Mike looks mildly pissed off.

MIKE

Never mind, we have to go or we'll miss our plane. Come on, Brian. Let's go to Egypt.

The trio make their way towards their waiting plane.

75. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE EGYPT AIR CRAFT taking off from ATHENS AIRPORT.  
Mike and Brian are looking out of the window waving like asshole tourists.

END OF PART ONE



'COOKIE & CO - 11'

**Part Two: 'OUR ARABIAN ADVENTURES'**

(C) *Jake Anthony*. 1992. 1995.

1. EXT. SAME DAY. AERIAL SHOT of ALEXANDRIA in EGYPT as the AIR EGYPT AIRCRAFT soars over the PYRAMIDS and the SPHINX, descending on its flight path towards Cairo airport.

2. INT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (20TH JANUARY). INSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT ALEXANDRIA. MIKE and BRIAN talk to an EMBASSY OFFICIAL. (Rowan Atkinson) The tall marble passages of the walls reverberate their conversation throughout the large building.

THE EMBASSY OFFICIAL (Rowan Atkinson)

Well chap's we've written your letter of recommendation from the Embassy to our counterparts in Jordan and Saudi, so hopefully the good old British passport should do the trick, what.... ?

Mike and Brian stare with some disbelief at the Old School Twit working out of The Cairo division of The British Embassy, and try not to laugh at this typical example of an ex - public school dunderhead.

MIKE

(Slowly)

Well.... many thanks. You think the old British passport will still do the trick in Arabia?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Can't promise, old chap.... Definite maybe on that one, hah, hah, hah.... Keep your chin up though. If 'Lawrence' could do it so can you.... Must rush.

The Embassy Official offers a limp handshake and quickly leaves Mike and Brian to deliberate.

MIKE

(Taking the piss)

The good old British passport will do the trick, what? Maybe in Lawrence of Arabia's time, but now?

BRIAN

But we've got a secret weapon, Mike.

MIKE

I didn't know you had two dicks Brian.

Brian looks confused.

MIKE

Weapon, get it, down lower Brian, weapon! You know, Brian, a dick is sometimes called a weapon, as in torpedo! If you have a secret weapon it could mean that you have an extra dick!

BRIAN

Ohh.... No. I meant Cookie is our secret weapon.

MIKE

In what way?

BRIAN

When the Arab Officials realise we've got such a great car and we're in the London to Sydney Vintage Car Endurance Rally, they'll probably grant us the visas no problem.

MIKE

I suggest we just drive Cookie into their offices and show them right?

BRIAN

That's a point, how do we get Cookie inside their embassies.

MIKE

Which are normally very well guarded.

BRIAN

I guess I'll have to think of something else.

MIKE

Let's go and pick up Cookie from the port. I hope she's OK.

SLOW FADE TO:

3. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA. DIRT, NOISE, DONKEYS, CAMELS, 1950's CARS and ARABS galore. MIKE and BRIAN drive up in COOKIE and park outside their hotel.

MIKE

We'll stay one more night then early in the morning we'll leave for Cairo. Agreed?

4. EXT. DAY (21ST January). CAIRO. THE WHOLE TOURIST BIT plus HUMOROUS SCENES of TRAFFIC JAMS caused by the sight of COOKIE. CAMELS LEANING OVER COOKIE SPITTING AT BRIAN, SMALL STREET RAGAMUFFINS hustling for pennies and offering to clean the car, run errands, polish shoes or pick your pocket. MISCELLANY OF SHOTS highlighting the atmosphere and bustle of CAIRO.

5. INT. THE SAME DAY. Inside the SAUDI ARABIAN EMBASSY. MIKE and BRIAN hand their documentation and passports to a WELL DRESSED ARAB EMBASSY OFFICIAL. The Official looks stern, giving nothing away with his gaze.

SAUDI EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Thank you, Gentlemen.... You are staying at the Sheraton Hotel, suite 3.... We can contact you there?

MIKE

Yes, we can't actually leave Cairo and enter Saudi Arabia without your permission.

The Embassy Official is unbecomingly at odds with Mike and Brian.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

And you are hoping to cross The Al Nafud Desert in that?

MIKE

(Slowly)

Well, yes....

The Embassy Official shakes his head in disbelief.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

I am assuming you are insured.

Mike nods his head in affirmation.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

And you are a member of an Automobile Club.

Mike again slowly nods in affirmation.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

And you are related to El Lawrence?

Mike and Brian do not know how to answer the Official without laughing, so stay silent for fear of offending him and losing their visas.

The Official eventually smiles himself.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Just a small joke, gentlemen.... I will see what I can do.

6. INT. NIGHT. INSIDE AN EGYPTIAN NIGHT CLUB. BELLY DANCERS shake the night away as MIKE and BRIAN dine. An atmosphere of Middle Eastern tackiness and implied intrigue. Like a Bogart movie from the 1940's.

Mike looks as if he's bordering on an anxiety attack.

MIKE

We could be days here and maybe weeks, that's if we can obtain our visas at all. It's not just Saudi Arabia but visas for Kuwait, Qatar and the United Arab Emirates as well. We may never get out of here. I like the place but the rally is well under way and currently we ain't in it. I guess the other entrants are already in Jordan by now....

A GREASY, VERY SUSPICIOUS LOOKING, PETER LORRE TYPE ARAB wearing a fez and dirty white suit approaches our two failing, wannabe heroes. Looking both ways to see if anyone is watching, the tacky looking Arab sits down uninvited.

MIKE

Don't tell me, you want to sell us some dirty postcards?

The Greasy Arab smirks slightly.

GREASY ARAB

You English have such a sense of humour. Ha, ha. No, Gentlemen. I have a proposition for you.

BRIAN

You don't want us to smuggle drugs across the border or anything like that, do you?

MIKE

We could get a jolly good flogging for that in Arabia.

GREASY ARAB

But surely jolly good flogging's were all part and parcel of the English Public School system, and that many recipients enjoyed it so much many of your Government Ministers and Civil Servants join private clubs in order to receive such punishment? Why should such a sentence deter when many of you English actually pay to receive such discipline?

Mike looks embarrassed.

MIKE

Well, what you say is partly true, but that doesn't mean to say Brian and I would want to get involved in that kind of lash up.

GREASY ARAB

But I am not here to discuss any of the sexual abuse of the British public school class.

BRIAN

You're not a money lender are you?

Suspiciously looking both ways again, to see if anyone is trying to overhear their conversation, the Arab continues.

GREASY ARAB

I heard about your problem of not being able to obtain a visa to continue your journey through Arabia. I can help....

Mike and Brian are all ears.

GREASY ARAB

Your visas could be obtained in Jordan more easily. I can tell you how.... For a small consideration of course.

MIKE

What kind of consideration?

GREASY ARAB

For such wealthy gentlemen as yourselves a mere pittance. Just two thousand English pounds.

MIKE

(Expressing shock)

How much?

GREASY ARAB

All right, you are not so wealthy as I thought. One thousand English pounds.

BRIAN

How much?

GREASY ARAB

You English people drive a hard bargain. All right, my last offer. Five hundred English pounds.

Make it one hundred English pounds and it's a deal, if you hand over the address at the same time as we hand over the cash.

The Arab looks disappointed.

GREASY ARAB

All right, all right, you English bastards. But no one must see. Hand the money over 'under' the table and I will hand you the name and address of where you must go in Jordan. Do you agree?

MIKE

(To Brian)

You put your hands under the table to take the name and address as I hand him the money. Got that?

Mike attempts to pull the hundred pounds from his pocket whilst not being noticed. A humorous parody of a typical 1940's Egyptian night club scene from a Casablanca type movie.

7. INT. CU. UNDER THE TABLE. As GREASY ARAB'S HAND comes across with a scrappy piece of paper, MIKE'S HAND comes across with a wad of pound notes. At the same time BRIAN'S HAND comes across with nothing, trying to intercept the Arab's piece of paper.

In a typical Laurel and Hardy type mix up, the three different hands pass the paper and the currency to the wrong persons. Various permutations of the currency going across to Brian as the address paper goes to Mike, and the Arab getting nothing. The Arab's hand accidentally groping Mike and he groping the Arab as the currency and the address paper go to Brian. The address paper going to Brian then being passed back to the Arab and the currency falling on the floor with three heads hurriedly dipping under the table cloth and crashing together, etc, etc. A good Director and Actors with a flair for comic timing could make a beautiful and humorous meal of this parody of a tacky 1940's movie in a seedy Egyptian Night Club.

Finally, eventually clutching the hundred pounds, angrily the Greasy Arab makes a speedy exit.

BRIAN

He left in a bit of a hurry. What's on the paper?

Mike holds the paper up towards the light and reads aloud to Brian.

MIKE

The Saudi Arabian Embassy, Boulevard Waj, Jordan. The buggers taken a hundred pounds for the Address of an embassy we could have found in a phone book. No wonder he left in such a hurry.

BRIAN

Conned again.

8. EXT. DAY (28TH January). MIKE and BRIAN leave THE SHERATON HOTEL in CAIRO and walk through A CROWDED MARKET. Unknown to Mike and Brian A YOUNG ARAB is chewing nut chocolate behind them and spitting the sticky brown nuts through a peashooter onto the back of their white jackets and trousers.

The chocolate covered stains look like shit on the two guys clothing. The young arab rushes up to Mike and Brian with a small cleaning cloth.

YOUNG ARAB

Sir's, Sir's. You have some sheet (shit) on your clothing, it must have splattered up from the sewage at the side of the road. Let me clean you off.

As the Arab rubs the back of Mike and Brian's trousers with his cloth, he quickly dips his spare hand into Brian's pocket. Finding nothing he looks annoyed, so turns his attention to Mike. Smiling when he finds Mike's wallet, he swiftly steals. Ironically, Mike and Brian thank him enthusiastically for his service.

MIKE

Thanks very much.

BRIAN

Yes, thanks a lot.

MIKE

What a nice guy....

DISSOLVE TO:

9. INT. LATER THE SAME DAY. A SEEDY POLICE STATION AND JAIL IN CAIRO. MIKE and BRIAN report the loss of Mike's wallet to a SCRUFFY LOOKING EGYPTIAN POLICE OFFICER.



He seemed such a nice guy, helping to clean our clothing. But we've lost 190 English pounds and most of our credit cards.

POLICE OFFICER

It's an old trick. I'm afraid you will never see your wallet again.

10. INT. LATE THAT NIGHT. ANOTHER EGYPTIAN NIGHT CLUB. MIKE and BRIAN look forlorn and depressed, no longer turned on even by the frantic EGYPTIAN BELLY DANCERS wobbling in front of them.

BRIAN

Don't look so pissed off, Mike. At least you left your AMEX card at the hotel so we're not really in trouble. The insurance company will make up the rest. I'm glad I left my things back at the hotel. So while we're here we might as well enjoy the sights, sounds and 'belly dancers.'

Mike gazes at one of the belly dancers shaking her jelly close up.

MIKE

Yes, belly dancers, women. I think Sir John Thomas has perked up a bit.

BRIAN

I mean the legitimate sights, Mike.... Why don't we bugger off and take the night train to Luxor. Soak in the atmosphere of ancient Egypt.

MIKE

I'm with you, Brian. Let's go.

11. EXT. LATE THAT NIGHT. CAIRO RAILWAY STATION. A TRAIN BEARING A RESEMBLANCE TO THE ORIENT EXPRESS is about to leave for Luxor as BRIAN and MIKE hurry on board with just their hand luggage.

12. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAYS (22/23/24/25/26/27TH JAN). MIKE and BRIAN visit LUXOR, KARNAK TEMPLE and THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.

As MIKE turns a corner at Luxor he thinks he sees CHARLTON HESTON & YUL BRYNNER IN THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, but it is only a couple of INTERCUT STOCK SHOTS and his movie buff imagination running away with him.

MIKE

MIKE and BRIAN  
13. EXT. DAY. MIKE and BRIAN take THE FERRY ACROSS THE NILE, A PLEASURE TRIP IN A DHOW, A CRUISE TO BANANA ISLAND and finally THE NIGHT TRAIN RETURN TO CAIRO.

13. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY. A BUSTLING BAZAAR IN CAIRO. MIKE and BRIAN meander through looking for bargains. BEGGARS, STREET TRADERS, THIEVES, EGYPTIAN FAMILIES SHOPPING and TOURISTS FROM EVERY NATION populate the busy market.

14. INT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. MIKE and BRIAN enter A MUSTY LOOKING ANTIQUE SHOP and casually browse. Seeing nothing in particular that takes their fancy, Mike peers through a dirty looking passageway leading to a back exit.

MIKE

I wonder if they've got any interesting junk in their backyard?

THE INSCRUTABLE LOOKING OWNER OF THE SHOP approaches.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

Have you found anything of interest, my honourable gentlemen?

BRIAN

Afraid not.

MIKE

We were wondering if you had any junk or bits and pieces in your back yard, like shops in England sometimes have? There just might be something of interest if it wasn't too expensive.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

Yes we do, Honourable Sir's. I have the finest quality junk in the whole of Egypt. Please come. Take a look.

The Egyptian Shop Keeper leads Mike and Brian along a dark dingy passageway to his back yard.

15. EXT. DAY. THE EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPERS BACK YARD IS PILED HIGH WITH BROKEN FURNITURE, BITS OF PLATES, MANGLES, GREASY CAR PARTS, MOTH EATEN SOFAS AND MUCH MORE. MIKE and BRIAN explore the piles of junk and rubbish.

Brian turns over a sofa and without realising picks up a badly decomposed dead cat with an equally decomposed dead rat in its mouth.

BRIAN

Oh God, a rotten cat with a rotten rat in its mouth.

MIKE

They must have been in Tutankhamen's tomb and got cursed.

BRIAN

Don't talk like that, Mike. This is Egypt, some of this stuff may have actually come from a Pharaoh's tomb.

As Brian speaks, Mike pulls out filthy looking table top.

MIKE

Talk of the devil.... Have you got second sight as well as being a philosopher, Brian? This looks like a scene from Egypt when the Pharaoh's ruled.

Mike pulls Brian's handkerchief from out of Brian's pocket and commences rubbing away at the filth encrusted table top.

BRIAN

You don't have a handkerchief of your own?

MIKE

I do, but I don't want to make it dirty.

BRIAN

Thank you.

MIKE

Hey, look at this Brian. It looks really old and it actually is something to do with a Pharaoh's tomb. That's Queen Nefretiti and this is Tutankhamen. I remember it from history lessons at school. There was also a TV programme about it not long ago.

BRIAN

It's reproduction or they would have thrown it here with the junk.

MIKE

Let's see if we can buy it, just in case. It would look nice polished up.

MIKE

(Raising his voice)

How much is this?

The Shop Keeper emerges from the dark passageway.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

You have found something you like? I do not know what is out here. I have only just bought the shop from my brothers widow. He died just a few weeks ago.

The Egyptian Shop Keeper looks in astonishment at the dirty table top Mike is holding.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

Blessed Pharaoh, what have you found?

He stares closely at the table top.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

But this table is encrusted with Mother of Pearl, silver and bronze, how did it find its way here? Let me examine it more thoroughly. Look, it depicts the lives of King Tutankhamen and Queen Nefretiti, how they met, married and died together. This is very old, my friends. How ever did it get out here with the junk?

MIKE

Are you sure it's not reproduction?

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

Would you impugn my integrity, gentlemen? I tell you this is very old.

MIKE

Well, is it for sale or not?

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

Everything is for sale, gentlemen. That is what I am in business for. If I do not sell I do not eat.

BRIAN

Cut out the patter, how much is it then?

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

You seem like honourable gentlemen, the English always are! You would not wish to rob me of this precious item just because it was mistakenly thrown onto a junk heap. This antique is probably worth hundreds of thousand of dollars, it just needs a little careful cleaning to restore it to its original condition.

MIKE

How much?

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

I could not let it go for less than ten thousand American Dollars.

MIKE

I'll give you a hundred pounds.

The Egyptian Shop Keeper looks deeply hurt.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

Gentlemen, please, do not insult me. Two thousand American Dollars.

MIKE

Two hundred pounds.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

MIKE

Five hundred English Pounds.

EGYPTIAN SHOP KEEPER

You are robbing a poor man blind, how can such honourable English gentlemen do such a thing to a poor trader?

Mike and Brian give a blank look.

EGYPTION SHOP KEEPER

Five hundred pounds you say? Done, take it away, you have broken my heart.

Mike smiles his own inscrutable smile, feeling pretty smart after, in his mind, apparently getting the better of an Egyptian Antique Dealer.

16. EXT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. THE BAZAAR. MIKE and BRIAN walk towards COOKIE, Mike clutching the dirty table top under his arm, his white shirt now absolutely filthy.

MIKE

This is a really ancient, Brian, and I got it for just five hundred pounds.

BRIAN

Are you sure of that?

MIKE

It has to be, surely.

BRIAN

The Shop Keeper probably put it out in his yard to age it on purpose, to make it look tatty enough so people would think it was the real thing.

MIKE

Antique dealers don't do things like that, do they?

Mike looks dismayed and uncertain.

BRIAN

Where have you been all your life? Haven't you seen Lovejoy?

(Lovejoy is a British TV series about unethical antique dealers)

MIKE

He couldn't have?

Mike stops to rub the table as they reach Cookie where LOADS OF KIDS are hanging around staring at the ancient yellow car begging money to polish it.

MIKE

It looks like the real thing, Brian.

BRIAN

In which case, its cursed. Everything taken from a Pharaoh's tomb is cursed. Don't get it near me. I don't want to touch it. If its real its cursed and will bring you bad luck. If it's not you've been conned.

MIKE

Wonderful, I can't win. Happy holidays....

I'll put it in the trunk.

17. INT. THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY. THE LOBBY OF THE SHERATON HOTEL IN ALEXANDRIA. MIKE and BRIAN approach The Reception Desk. AN EGYPTIAN RECEPTIONIST WITH A RAVISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL FACE takes Mike's fancy.

MIKE

(Quietly to Brian)

Brian, that girls face, its beautiful. Just like Cleopatra.

BRIAN

Go for it then. Chat her up. Give it a whirl. What have you got to lose? Ask her if she's free after work.

MIKE

She might say no, then I'll lose face.

A beautiful female face must be worth risking losing your face. Where's your British derring do and all that?

MIKE

I don't know about derring, but the 'do' bit I could certainly use.

BRIAN

So take your courage into your hands and go for it.

Mike psyches himself up and like James Bond; cool and relaxed, swaggers up to the Beautiful Young Egyptian Reception Clerk. As he reaches the desk he is immediately struck dumb with fear and stands silent and lost like a naughty boy caught by his Mummy in a prank, his courage gone, his derring - do, done.

BRIAN

(Loudly whispering)

Go on Mike, say something. Spit it out.

Mike puffs out his chest, summons up his British derring do and splutters his opening gambit in a very un - James Bond like manner.

MIKE

If you're free later perhaps I can give you a cock.... - tail.... I mean, buy you a cocktail.

BRIAN

(Loud whisper)

Freudian slip, Mike. You'll want to give her a cock.... - tail? You naughty boy.

Mike regains his cool and once more attempts his James Bond, Sean Connery impression.

MIKE

Mixed but not stirred, of course.

The Egyptian Girl smiles, coyly.

EGYPTIAN RECEPTIONIST WITH BEAUTIFUL FACE



I would be honoured to meet with an English Gentleman.

Brian smirks.

#### EGYPTIAN RECEPTIONIST WITH BEAUTIFUL FACE

In fact my duty session is about to finish. Here comes my replacement. I will be free in just a moment, if it is convenient for you?

MIKE

For me? Absolutely. I'm free right now.... Ready when you are.

The Egyptian Receptionist smiles again in Mike's direction, and charmed with his own apparent success, Mike assumes the suave cool of a James Bond figure, arrogantly looking towards Brian.

MIKE

(Quietly, to Brian)

What do you think of that then? Was that cool or not? Sean Connery couldn't have done any better.

BRIAN

(Quietly, to Mike)

You should launch a new Male fragrance with an image like that.

Mike looks puzzled.

BRIAN

'Essence of Arrogance'.

You pratt.

Mike ignores Brian's disparaging remark and opens a flap top allowing the Egyptian Receptionist with the beautiful face to emerge from behind the reception desk.

Mike looks aghast as the Egyptian Receptionist with the beautiful face comes into full view and, from the waist up the girl is stunning, but the bit hidden from view behind the reception desk is revealed as an 18 stone set of buttocks with tree trunk legs to match. Mike looks disappointed as he walks away with his early evening date.

Brian smirks as Mike's suave, James Bond cool turns into George Formby on the arm of a

Brian 'dum dums' the James Bond '007' theme as Mike leaves with his gargantuan assed Egyptian date.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. DAY (28TH Jan). CAIRO. MIKE and BRIAN leave THE SHERATON Hotel and walk along a crowded street.

BRIAN

They said it'll take another week to get approval from Jeddah for our Saudi Visas. Nothing but wasted time. I wonder if we'll ever leave Egypt at this rate. Cookie's been great but the bureaucracy's been a bastard.

MIKE

Manyanah.... Nothing we can do.... How's the service going, you're the mechanic?

BRIAN

General Motors said it's ok. She'll be ready in a few days.... I'll check her out on Monday. Let's hope next week will bring us better luck.

As Brian and Mike turn a corner they spot DON (THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE -GENE WILDER) and his GIRL FRIEND DARLING, outside the SAUDI EMBASSY. Don is about to enter his 1930 SUPERCHARGED FORD V8 and is clearly 'up in the air', emotionally supercharged. Mike and Brian stop COOKIE and rush over to their two friends.

MIKE

What's up, Doc?

DON

(Going crazy)

What's up.... What's up.... What's not up.... We've been ages trying to arrange onward visas.... Absolutely no chance.... I'm going completely crazy, aren't we darling?

DARLING

Well you are, Don.... I'm trying to stay cool.

DON

That's right back me up when I need your support.

DARLING

I am supporting you, Don. But getting upset in this part of the world is counter productive.

Don holds his hand to his brow.

DON

Stop.... Stop.... I'm having an anxiety attack.... Stop.... Please.... Quiet....

Don slowly recovers.

DON

That's it. I've had enough.... Darling, we're going to Alexandria, right now.... If there isn't a cargo ship sailing to Bombay I'll buy one.... Mike, Brian.... we wish you good luck if you're going to stay on and keep trying. But you're welcome to come with us to Bombay by ship if you want to. What do ya say?

MIKE

Don, take it easy.... I know you're upset but if you can stay cool it is possible to get things done.... Cookie was sent to five different ports before she finally arrived in Alexandria. Then they managed to drop her from the unloading crane.... We were lucky her axles stayed in one piece.... That cost us two additional weeks of delays and repairs, but everything's OK now. She just needs a service and we need our Visas....

DON

Visas, Visas.... Don't talk to me about Visas.... Stop.... Stop.... or I'll have another anxiety attack.... Mike, Brian, I'm admitting defeat. I'm going to buy a cargo ship in Alexandria then we're off to Bombay; the easy way. I don't care about winning the rally or the sponsors rules. I'm off.

MIKE

But you'll be disqualified. We're going to stick around.... What can we say.... Good Luck and hope to see you in Sydney.... If we can make it ourselves by the year two thousand and twenty two.

DON

Well, as you British say, it's playing the game not winning that counts. We played the game but the locals have'nt. So we're off chaps. Pip, pip, tally ho and all that bullshit stuff you Brit's say.

DON

Darling. Let's go, darling.

Mike and Brian shake Don's hand and give Darling a British peck on the cheek. The Two American's then drive off in their supercharged American Vintage Car and disappear into the chaotic Cairo traffic.

MIKE

That's Don and darling out of the rally.

19. EXT. THE SAME DAY. COOKIE WITH MIKE and BRIAN driving from ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO. As Cookie enters the heavy traffic from a side road all passing vehicles make way for the bright little yellow car.

MIKE

Quite astonishing.... The traffic just moved out of the way.... I feel like Moses parting the red sea.

BRIAN

Well this is Egypt.... We're not far away from the Red Sea. Let's hope the bureaucrat's are as generous to us as Pharaoh was in letting the Israelites out of the country.

MIKE

After 20 years of hard labour and a few dozen plagues.

BRIAN

You can't have it all your own way, Mike.

The two guys laugh and drive on.

DISSOLVE TO:

20. EXT. DAY. THE FOLLOWING WEEK (1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9/10/ 11/12/13/14/15TH Feb). MONTAGE OF SHOTS: VISITING ALL THE EMBASSIES over and over again: SAUDI, JORDAN, KUWAIT, QATAR, ARAB EMIRATES and THE BRITISH EMBASSY. In and out, in and out, this day and that.

The Embassies are interspersed with YET MORE TOURISM for Mike and BRIAN as between

hustling for visas they try to fill their wasted time by enjoying CAIRO and the surrounding locations.

21. EXT. DAY (TUES 16TH Feb). MIKE and BRIAN again enter the BRITISH EMBASSY at ALEXANDRIA in search of the precious visas.

22. INT. MOMENTS LATER. INSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY. THE EMBASSY OFFICIAL (Rowan Atkinson) greets MIKE and BRIAN with a limp hand shake and an imperious smile on his face.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL (Rowan Atkinson)

(Pompously.)

Sorry it took so long. Can't hurry them out here you know.... I have your documents at long last. Plus a letter on behalf of Her Britannic Majesty requesting all Embassies to assist you with your visa applications.

Mike and Brian look delighted.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Your journey is now official. It has been rubber stamped

MIKES THOUGHTS (Voice over)

You may be an ex - Public School twit and a chinless wonder, but you finally did it.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Did you say something, Mr Perkins?

Mike looks embarrassed

MIKE

No, no... Other than our grateful thanks.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

So it's gung ho, over the top and all that stuff and nonsense. Might as well get your skates on and try to catch up with the others. Har, har, har.

BRIAN

(To Brian)

So the others finally got their visas.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

They were here almost ten days before you chaps.

MIKE

Who did they pay?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Well actually, they didn't get them at all.

Mike and Brian are aghast.

MIKE

What did they do?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

They left....

MIKE

Left for where?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

I assume they gave up and took the boat direct to Bombay. Alternatively they returned home. No doubt they couldn't face further officialdom. And a drive across a few thousand miles of desert probably didn't appeal so much when it came down to it. I mean, it took El Lawrence an absolute age to get across Sinai and the Al Nafud, and he didn't have to stop for petrol, old bean....

Mike and Brian are silent before letting out an explosive cheer.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Steady on chaps.... This is an official embassy after all. A little decorum, if you would.

MIKE

That means we've won.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

If you can obtain your visas of course.

BRIAN

And drive across two great Arabian deserts, traverse India, Malaysia and the Australian outback.... Not much at all really.

MIKE

But didn't you give the other Contestants the same Britannic Majesties documents, requesting all other Embassies to assist with their visa applications?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Of course. Can't be seen to be discriminating in favour of or against any individual, that wouldn't be cricket. Other than friends from the old school of course.



MIKE

But the documents didn't work for them or they wouldn't have gone home, or taken the ship direct to Bombay.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Hhhum.

MIKE

If your Britannic Majesties request didn't work for them, why should it work for us?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Haven't a clue. Can't run around all day finding out what all the snotty nosed tourists get up to after they leave the embassy. I'm a consular official for Her Britannic Majesty, not a bloody wet nurse.

A formally dressed EMBASSY SECRETARY interrupts.

EMBASSY SECRETARY

A telephone call, Sir.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Excuse me, won't be a tick.

After 3 minutes The Embassy Official returns looking grave.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

That was from the Saudi Embassy.... about your visas.



Oh dear, don't tell us.... We can't get through either.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Well, it's not official yet.

BRIAN

(In deep despair)

Oh no, all this way for nothing.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

As I said.... it's not official yet but, the Embassy has verbally advised that your visa's have been granted.

Mike and Brian cheer.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL

Guess the fame of your little yellow car seems to have brought you some good luck. But steady on, chaps.... This is an official government department. Can't have uncontrolled cheering. Your visas are on their way by courier at this very moment. It's about a mile from their embassy to ours so they should be here in about five hours. I suggest you come back this afternoon, just before we close.

God Save the Queen, Good Luck and all that sort of thing, what.... ?

23. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY. COOKIE WITH MIKE and BRIAN drive out of CAIRO towards the SUEZ CANAL. CAMELS STRAIGHT FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT their riders in clothes no different from ancient times, make COOKIE look relatively modern as she purrs her way along the hot dusty roads of Egypt on the way to the Suez Canal.

24. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (25TH Feb). THE SUEZ CAMEL. COOKIE MIKE and BRIAN drive beneath the underpass.

BRIAN

What's that smell? It must be sewage.

Mike looks embarrassed.

MIKE

The Suez Canal is probably full of it. Perhaps they should have called it the Sewage Canal.

BRIAN

You've just farted, haven't you?

Again Mike looks embarrassed.

MIKE

Well, actually I have. The food in Cairo was a bit, Bombay - ish.

25. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUEZ CANAL. COOKIE emerges from the Suez Tunnel and stops after a half a mile or so. The SINAI DESERT stretches out before them. TANKS rumble by in both directions, interspersed with yet MORE CAMELS, DONKEYS and ARABS on foot.

MIKE

Well, this is where the real adventure starts. I wonder if we can do it, or if Cookie can?

Brian shrugs his shoulders and says nothing.

MIKE

Nothing for it but to take our courage in both hand's and start driving.

Mike pats Cookie.

MIKE

Don't let us down, old girl, now that we really need you.

Brian and Mike enter the car and Cookie trundles off into the Sinai Desert, a small cloud of dust hovering behind her.

26. EXT. THE SAME DAY. COOKIE WITH MIKE and BRIAN commence their drive across THE SINAI DESERT. The sun beats down and both guys wear Arab Headdress. (Just like El Lawrence).

27. EXT. THE SAME DAY. MIKE and BRIAN draw to a halt close to AN ANCIENT WELL IN THE SINAI DESERT. The place is almost deserted. A Small snack stand sells ice cold Pepsi Cola which Mike and Brian drink with gusto. CAMELS drink water which their riders hoist up from the well in leather buckets. The sun beats down mercilessly.

MIKE

Just like Lawrence of Arabia.

BRIAN

Except for the Pepsi Cola!

28. EXT. MOMENTS LATER. THE WELL IN THE SINAI. MIKE thinks back to his youth and the movie 'Lawrence of Arabia'.

MIKES FACE SLOWLY DISSOLVES INTO:

29. STOCK SHOT. OMAR SHARIF'S FIRST ENTRANCE IN THE MOVIE 'LAWRENCE OF ARABIA'. Shimmering in the sun his camel trots towards LAWRENCE AT THE WELL. A shot rings out as Lawrence's Arab Servant is killed by Omar Sharif's rifle. Omar Sharif's voice is heard over.

OMAR SHARIF - VOICE OVER

This is a Sharif well, no one may drink at my well without permission.

SLOW DISSOLVE BACK TO:

30. EXT. MINUTES LATER. THE WELL AT THE SINAI DESERT. BRIAN has opened COOKIES BONNET and AN ARAB MAN hides from view filling the radiator. The Arab takes his time while MIKE and BRIAN look on. After a minute the Arab looks up and for the first time we see his face. With full headdress and flowing robes, but dirty and moth eaten, the reverse of the splendid figure Omar Sharif cut in the movie Lawrence', we see that the Arab Man is a much older OMAR SHARIF (or a look alike).

Brian and Mike look at the guy in disbelief. It cannot be, it has to be a mirage or a mistake.

MIKE

Do you see what I see Brian. I can't be I know he gambles a lot on bridge and at the race track but he couldn't have lost all his money surely? It must be a guy who looks like him. Maybe his stunt double.

Brian stares at the dirty looking arab gentleman.

BRIAN

Excuse me.... Have'nt we seen you before?

The Arab (Omar Sharif or his look alike), says nothing, just smiles an inscrutable Omar smile then turns and walks away.

MIKE

Let's go before he decides Cookie can't drink from his well. We don't want her shot before we're across the Sinai Desert, no service stations for about fifteen hundred miles.

Mike shouts into the distance as Omar, on a dirty, moth eaten camel trots back into the mysterious desert.

MIKE

Thank you Omar.

MIKE

(To himself)

It couldn't be!

31. EXT. A MINUTE LATER. THE WELL AT THE SINAI DESERT. MIKE gets out of the car.

MIKE

Wait a minute, this water is making me want to pass it. Hang on Brian, must rush.

Mike nips over to a rickety looking tin hut serving as a toilet. He enters and returns a minute later holding his nose.

As Mike approaches COOKIE he cannot help noticing TWO LARGE ARABS leaning over the well with their backs to him. They are incredibly filthy, their clothes ragged and unkept.

The Two old Arabs are muttering to themselves as they make efforts to draw water by throwing

~~A man and a woman on a rope swing are well seen. We cannot see their faces.~~  
IST ARAB

Womens work.

(Shouting)

This is womens work.... Womens lib is nonsense. Undignified that's what it is, undignified. I am an important man, if you'd have given me gold instead of all that Turkish paper money, I would be in a Rolls Royce. And women, I'd have a harem full of young women for company instead of you.... Your word is worth nothing, nothing.

The incredibly scruffy Ist Arab turns and we see it is ANTHONY QUINN (or his look alike) reprising his role from LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, except that he is now somewhat the worse for wear.

As THE SECOND ARAB turns we see PETER O'TOOLE (or his look alike) in an equally scruffy reprise of his LAWRENCE role. Dirty old Lawrence gazes enigmatically into the distance saying nothing under the verbal assault of his friend, his hypnotic blue eyes still glistening in the sun as if remembering his glorious past.

The Two Scruffy Arabs fill their leather water bottles and with Quinn still berating Lawrence, they slowly walk towards two mules which they mount and hobble off into the distant desert.

Mike stares in disbelief as the Two Old Arabs disappear over the shimmering horizon and he scratches his head, wondering if what he has just witnessed was real or just a mirage.

MIKE

Did you see that?

Brian is busy checking beneath Cookies bonnet, tuning her motor and preparing their beautiful old car for the next intrepid leg of their Arabian adventure. Brian turns.

BRIAN

What.....see what?

Mike looks uncertain.

MIKE

Nothing, Brian.... Probably just a mirage. That or sunstroke.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

32. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE DRIVE ACROSS THE SINAI DESERT. The road across the desert suddenly disappears.

MIKE

The road's been washed away. Probably by a flash flood. They're known to happen every hundred years or so. They had to have one just before we arrived. Brilliant.

MIKE and BRIAN look with dismay at the desert stretching out into the distance.

MODERN CARS litter sections of what was once a road, wrecked and unable to move, left to rot in the harsh, unmerciful desert sun.

MIKE

If all those modern cars couldn't make it how will we? What do you think, Brian? Will we have to go back the 300 miles to SUEZ? What a pain and only fifty miles to Aquaba. But without a road what can we do?

Brian a mechanical genius, ponders on their situation before thoughtfully answering.

BRIAN

Wait a minute. Cookie's got a very high floor, way above that of modern cars. She was designed in the days when proper roads didn't exist, when horses and carriages were the main form of transport, and roads were either non-existent or full of pits. So maybe Cookie can cope with this emergency because she is so old. Let's hope she can rise above it! Sorry about the pun.

BRIAN

Let's give it a try. If we can't travel the last stretch across Sinai we'll have broken the rules of the race just as the other contestants did, then all that we've done during the last two years will have been for nothing. If we get stuck though, finding a tow truck means walking fifty miles across the desert, so it's dangerous and we don't have that much water.... Shall we give it a try or not?

Mike looks intrepid and nods his approval with fervent resolve.

STIRRING MAURICE JARRE TYPE DESERT MUSIC underscores Mike and Brian's resolve as they start Cookie up and re-commence their drive across the remaining fifty miles of sand swept desert.